

HE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB. SYDNE)

JULY, 1949

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

"A Good Club Man is a credit to his club"

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!



In Seven Lonely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

It Could Happen Here

THE RACING SEASON in 1949-50 gives promise of being one of the most spectacular, as well as successful, in Australia's turf history, providing we are spared the calamities of nature and of man.

Great horses will compete for great prizes in the presence of great crowds. Colour may be lacking only in the absence of an overseas horse or horses, from Britain, France or the U.S. But we might reasonably anticipate a day, not so distant, when our principal handicap and weight-for-age events will take on an international flayour.

Famous owners also might be prevailed upon to attend on Sydney Cup and Melbourne Cup occasions, say, as guests of the A.J.C. and the V.R.C., co-operating in this specific mission.

We make the suggestion, not merely for what it is worth, but believing that it has worth. Nowadays, distance is a diminishing factor measured in terms of time. Since horses are flown from the Republics of South America to take part in important races in the U.S., so also may they be transported here. Whatever contribution the A.J.C. and the V.R.C.—again co-operating—might be disposed to make toward achieving this purpose—say, in appearance money to guarantee a not altogether fruitless visit—would be recovered amply by increased public attendances.

This is an enterprise which requires the motivating force of enterprise—a quality of which the major Australian racing authorities have in many respects shown themselves possessed. The true perspective is that Australia is no longer a continent isolated in the Pacific; no longer a country but vaguely known. Territorially, once distant peoples are now our next-door neighbours, through the agency of the aeroplane—and, don't forget, the jet planes, some of them already flying faster than sound, are evolving from the trial stage.

These developments are fraught with tremendous possibilities for Australian sport; racing in particular. Let the powers-that-be scan—and plan.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Chairman:

JOHN HICKEY

Treasurer:

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ARCTIC CLUB

San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

5th Dr. W. McDonnell Kelly
8th C. F. Horley
11th I. E. Ives
13th F. C. Belot
15th W. M. Gollan
R. C. Chapple
A. J. Chown
31st 17th L. Mitchell 19th A. H. Stocks 21st G. F. Wilson 19th A. H. Sucke 21st G. F. Wilson 27th J. Colquhoun 28th L. J. Maidment C. B. Lawler 30th Robert Mead 31st H. Webster AUGUST 1st S. J. Fox
6th P. B. Lusk
7th A. T. Selman
8th Greg. Keighery
12th J. Stewart
14th E. K. White
S. Biber
W. J. Walsh
15th R. B. Hughes
18th Professor J. D.
Stewart 19th A. F. Gay 20th H. H. McIntosh 22nd P. B. Lindsay 25th Hon. A. Mair 26th P. N. Goldstein 30th E. Hunter Bowman Arthur Langley 31st E. Sodersten

MEMBERS of the Club on business missions overseas include: Frank Carberry and Don Wilson (comitteemen), Stephen Blau, Walter Cavill, R. W. Miller, Sol Gilray. Jack Davis returned recently from a trip to the U.S. and David Craig plans to go in the course of a couple of months.

RELIEVE it or not, there is praise for handicappers, even among the handicapped, apart from the general body of onlookers. The unique fact relates to the handicapping of this Club's Billiards and Snooker tournaments, and acknowledgements are being made because of the best test of all--close games and exciting finishes. Here are the handicappers: J. A. Roles (chairman), W. Longworth and C. E. Young. Gentlemen, take a bow.

T'S all in the game—and form is so mystifying. Players in the tournaments who have turned on brilliant performances in practice games on the second floor have failed to reproduce that form under the lights (and tension) in tournament play. Similarly, players who have revealed their everyday form in practice have surprised themselves (and their friends) by gaining, as it were, a new stimulus from the big occasion. Temperament plays a big part and, of course, the unpredictable—a fellow playing better, or worse, on one day than another.

However, the games have been played, as heretofore, in the best sporting spirit. Onlookers, alike with players, have shared in the pleasure.

FRED BELOT and Charlie Salon, playing dominoes against Ted Forrest and Dick Deveridge went out with a 89 shut. Is that a record?

DURING the past month members have shown continued interest in our Billiards and Snooker tournaments. An enthusiastic onlooker on occasion has been Walter Lindrum, greatest exponent of the cue the world has ever known. The World Champion's keenness never flags and,

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee: John Hickey (Chairman), J. A. Roles (Treasurer), G. Chiene, A. V. Miller, G. J. C. Moore, W. H. Sellen

Card Room Stewards: G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young. Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young (Vice-Presidents), Committee: C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf. Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. F. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, B. J. Hostia, H. (Parallella P. J. P. J. Hostia, H. (Parallella P. J. P. J R. J. Hastings; H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

STATE AMATEUR BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP

Members are cordially invited, and may bring Ladies, to view the State Amateur Billiards Championship matches each evening, Mondays to Fridays inclusive, in the Club Room, from 8 p.m. to 10.30 p.m., commencing on 1st August and extending to 12th August.

strange to say, he can get genuine pleasure in watching even amateurs on long marks. Maybe he follows the advice of the late John Roberts who once said: "Professionals can learn much from novices and amateurs. They attempt, and sometimes get, shots a professional would never Anyway, I like their dream of. flukes, which are instructive to one who really knows what actually happened."

N Mark Twain's country anything can happen. So Heliotrope won the California frog-jumping championship recently with a leap of 11 ft. 5 in. before a crowd of 10,000 sportsmen. Heliotrope was caught by Californian University students and entered as a dark frog. Untrained, he beat all comers, won 200 dollars prizemoney. "He's a frog in a million," say the owners. Let's hope the favourite wasn't nobbled with lead, as was the Calaveras County entrant in Twain's story.

WE regret to record the passing of the following Members since the last issue:-H. E. K. PEPPER, Elected 24/3/1947; Died 31/5/1949. JOHN B. MORAN, Elected 13/5/ 1935; Died 10/6/1949. P. J. CADAN, Elected 23/6/1947; Died 13/6/1949. H. S. RICH (City), Elected 17/2/ 1913; Died 8/7/1949. J. S. NORTON (City), Elected 25/8/1941; Died 13/7/1949.

THE NEW LOOK IN RACING

James Park wrote in the London "Evening Standard": 'Chasing has come into its own. Never before, at this time of the season, have I seen such a crowd at Sandown or such enthusiasm. There is not much money about, but it seems there is a "New Look" in racing.

JAMES PARK adds: It is to be found in the tremendous interest taken in the horses rather than the old tendency to follow or try to beat the market. Time and again I could not get close to the rails of the parade ring.

People crowded two or three deep anxious to scan the horses. It was not until the field had left the paddock that the onlookers drifted back to the stands.



A. V. Miller, Newly Elected Committeeman.

People used to consider it as a waste of time to take an intelligent interest in the horses or study the form. What happened in the ring was the only thing that counted.

That has all been altered. Racecourse executives show more enterprise. They put up prizes which
were unthinkable before the war.
Owners have responded by running
their good horses instead of saving
them for the valuable prizes which
used to be huddled together in the
last few weeks before the opening
of the flat-racing season.

Another point is the keener competition. That is just another result of enterprise. When the prizes were smaller owners waited their opportunity to bet so that they could

pay their way. Now they do not have to worry about betting to the same extent.

I must also give credit to the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee for their strict supervision, although I would not say things were yet perfect. There is still room for tightening up.

When that is accomplished the complete confidence of the public will be restored. They disliked "jumping" because they felt they could not back their opinion or even have an opinion of their own. Clearly that has been altered, and with the larger attendances there is a much greater proportion who are interested in the sport rather than the betting.

It is now up to racecourse executives to display keener anticipation. I can think of nothing worse than a racegoer arriving to find the supply of racecards has run out. That happened several times on the flat last year and also at a recent meeting under N.H. Rules.

The champions will always attract crowds. It is the same in every sport.

So it proved that there is a bigger public for jumping than ever before, so long as everything is run on the best lines and under the strictest supervision. I am particularly keen to see a strong line taken where necessary.

I would not have made a 100 per cent. award in that connection at Sandown, but on the whole the sport was crisp, keen and entertaining. It is up to the authorities to see that this high standard is maintained. A continuance of present enterprise and a vigilant eye are all that is necessary.

A CANDIDATE for sheriff in a western town got 55 votes out of a total 5,600 cast. The next day he walked down the main drag with two guns strapped to his belt.

Citizen: "You were not elected, and you have no right to carry guns."

Unsuccessful Canidate: "Listen, brother, a man who doesn't have any more friends than I do, needs to carry a gun."

Hobbies

THE passion with which your proper hobbyist follows his choice derives from the knowledge that it is the one thing in life which he does for its own sake, and not for self-advantage. This is why hobbies assume such strange forms; for the more useless they are, the more consistent are they with their best feature.

It is a passion which grips great men equally with small. The Emperor Domitian caught butterflies. Caligula, when he grew weary of mass executions, gathered cockleshells. The persian kings whittled



W. H. Sellen, Newly Elected Committeeman.

wood. As Robert Green wrote: Time wisheth rather to be spent in vaine toies, than in idel thoughts; the one driveth away fantasies, the other breedth Melancholie.

Some will carve the Lord's Prayer on a cherry stone; others will collect epitaphs, wishbones, horse brasses, door knockers, orange papers, or beer mats. M. Chautemps kept silkworms. Mr. Churchill lays bricks. A Dr. Taylor, of Norfolk, was famous for discovering and sketching more than 150 varieties of designs on coal-hole covers. But perhaps the highest pitch of refinement was reached by Hon. Maurice Baring, who collected second editions.

A Story For Husbands Only

This story was written by a woman—Gwen Brewster, in "Everybody's Weekly."
Her opening thrust: "A sweetheart notices a new dress, but no husband would,
even if it had firecrackers all over it." Now read on.

OLD-TIME vaudeville audiences once laughed at the joke which purported to express the average husband's attitude toward his wife: "A man never runs for a street car after it's caught." Some thoughtful observers considered the implication too near fact to be humorous; but not until recently has an authority stepped forward with the claim that it is fact. And the fact is what is wrong with marriage in the world today.

In "How to Make the Best of Wife," Margery Wilson (Mrs. Vance Bushnell in private life), author, expert on human relationships and founder of the Institute of Charm, declares that permanence and happiness in marriage are almost entirely up to the husband. No sensational feats of supermanhood are required of him to establish and maintain marital success. All he need do is to continue to court his sweetheart after she is his wife. In fact to go on chasing the street car which doesn't necessarily stay caught.

Cheerfulness, politeness, interest, attention to social graces are lubrication for the machinery of all human relationships and more than anywhere else are required in the intimate partnership of marriage. Yet that is where they most frequently and woefully are absent. The average man ceases to be a sweetheart at the altar and becomes just a husband. The result is the wife's bewilderment, then resentment which builds into strife.

"Give your partner the same considerate treatment you started out with," Miss Wilson tells the husband. "Remember how happy you were those first years? Remember how well you knew what would please her? Remember how she loved you? Well, she's still the same person. Identical attentions will thrill her and bring out in her the girl who used to be your playmate. Try it and see!"

Among the more important attentions are the pleasant word, the sincere smile. "Lack of cheerfulness has

caused more divorces than infidelity," says Miss Wilson. By building up his wife, the husband also is building up himself. She is his most enthusiastic public and she influences the surrounding world to see him as she does. Even the children take their cue from the mutual admiration between mother and dad.

Among suggestions for happy marriage this expert offers the puzzled husband is to telephone his wife now and then when there's no reason for a call. "Just say: 'I wanted to hear your voice.' You'll be surprised what that call will buy you."

Another Rule

Another of her rules boldly disregards the pet aversion of the average husband. She advises him to go shopping with his wife—and to like it. Also to talk with her as if he enjoyed it. "The rest of the world will want to know that animated and interesting couple."

"Bring her a single flower and say it reminded you of her," is another rule. One, adds Miss Wilson, which is "a honey for effect." Then, if you're one of those husbands who complains, justifiably or otherwise, that your wife is careless in her attire at the breakfast table, you can do something about it far more effective than bicker. If you bring home an attractive new housegown she not only will appreciate your thoughtfulness but her pride will be stimulated.

Some men keep alive the memory of old romances through vanity, to lend glamour to themselves; others use such recollections deliberately to inspire more wifely interest, perhaps jealousy. Either method is a mistake. "Establish your wife as the one and only love in your life," cautions this authority. "Let bygones rest. This one idea has saved many a marriage."

Also the husband who really is working at his job will bring home interesting and amusing stories and anecdotes of the day to tell his wife.

He will do his part toward keep-

ing her up with the times, informed on current events. He will listen to what she has to tell him, be sympathetic when sympathy is called for, laugh when she expects him to. And never should forget to tell her his plans.

A man who informs his wife that he is leaving the next morning on a business trip he has known for weeks is headed for domestic storms. Forethought would prevent that.

"The husband who wishes to avoid calamity need only pay his wife the deference she would receive from another man who found her attractive. But unless a wife has her husband's love and approval she is better off without him."

THEY WERE TRIERS

S. H. Behrman, one of America's outstanding playwrights, turned out manuscrips for 11 years before he finally sold his first play. Fannie Hurst wrote more than a hundred stories before one was accepted. Somerset Maughan was an obscure writer for ten years. Then, a producer needing a play to fill in while he was looking around, dug Maugham's forgotten "Lady Frederick" out of his desk. Maugham became the toast of London.

* * *

MOST men of business have their hobbies. Harry Chaplin's is collecting books and manuscripts of which he has accumulated a variety ranging from Dickens to Deeming. Mention of Deeming reminded Harry that when he trained nightly, as an amateur runner, with Jack Donaldson in Melbourne, he used to pass on the way home a house inhabited formerly by Deeming and the wife he murdered.

THE best way to keep away from eigarettes is to buy one of those long holders.

*

MORE and more people, nowadays, are doing without things their parents never had.

Tongue-Twisters in the Race Books

One of the most surprising featuers of racing is constant registration of poor and meaningless names for horses. An animal given a title lacking thought on the part of its owner is handicapped from the start. Champions past and present have all been well named—a rather significant pointer.

LL-FITTING nomenclature is a poor show and a reflection upon those who indulge in it. No owner, even new chums, should permit it, as there is a wide field for thought and consideration. Picking a name haphazardly is to be deplored even though it is realised that one of the hardest tasks is to secure a suitable ownchoice title. Many desired names have also been selected by others, or have not been long enough, in the matter of years, off the official list for renewal, that is, names of earlier performers. Rather much of this is allowed to creep in.

The Registrar and his staff consistently help owners and trainers out of their difficulty. In fact, they have been responsible for some prominent names figuring in the racing records. Owners regularly take a list of up to 12 names hoping that at least one of the dozen, in order of preference, will be suitable to the authorities.

It is to the credit of members of Tattersall's Club that they have shown ability and consideration in the happy naming of their horses. Some have done particularly well as owners. The old adage, "give a horse a bad name and you cannot expect results," will ever remain.

World's biggest stakewinner (horses racing to-day) is Citation, an American bred four-year-old. He is happily titled as were other top-notch U.S.A. horses, Stymie, Assault, Coaltown, Seabiscuit, and Whirlaway. On our side of the Pacific we had Phar Lap, Amounis, Flight, Bernborough, Carbine, Heroic, Gloaming, Limerick, Windbag, and many others that sound pleasantly to the ears.

It is new names that cause most concern. Australian racegoers will read of a brand new batch in the coming weeks, especially reaching to October 1 next when present rising two-year-olds will be sporting silk. They will be on the scene earlier in some parts, particularly in South Australia.

America has no bookmakers, which probably saves U.S.A. racegoers a

lot of trouble as with only the parimutuals in operation, all a punter has to do when backing his fancy is to approach the tote window and ask for the number corresponding to his racebook. Some of 800 names recently registered for yearlings sold

A few others picked at random from the extensive list: Lickety Cut; Eastern Flyweight; Emergency Hour; Suave Qui Peut; Imahoney; No Ma'am; Forever Thine; Autumn Sneeze; Lucky Micky; Raidacat; Whisky Sour; Joann's Boots; Mrs.



EDGAR BRITT

Australian jockeys in England have had a good season. Champion Billy Cook is now on his way back to Austarlia but it is believed he will return to England in 1950. Meanwhile Edgar Britt is carrying on and holding his own among the tops.

last season are real tongue-twisters.

Here are a few striking examples taken from the list:

Yes She Will (filly by Reaping Reward from Alapomp); Cheermeup (colt by Tintagel from Elocution); Safe At Home (colt by Shut Out from Mad Bunny); I'm Don (colt by Chance Sun from Super Child by Supremus). Last named owner has probably heard of our Don Bradman, or perhaps the owner's name is Don.

O'Malley; Whoisshe; Wocatsie; No Sho; Stick By Me; and Littlewhitelie. Lastnamed is by Ramilles from Fibber so there might be some justification for the jawbreaking name. It certainly is a mouthful and wouldn't be acceptable in Australia.

It is interesting to note that America's highest auction yearling for 1948, a son of defunct Beau Pere from Sun Lady, has been named Destino (Spanish for "destiny"). He cost 52,000 dollars.

Club Members in Sport

BOWLING NOTES

As a consequence of the continued rain during the past month the Club's activities have been curtailed and several fixtures postponed.

Apart from a roll up at Double Bay and one social match at Warrawee, the only important event decided was a match in the Club's Pairs Competition in which Silk and Bavington defeated Mitchell and Jones 24 to 17 after a well contested game.

Warrawee Club entertained two rinks on Sunday, 19th June, and provided a splendid afternoon (and also administered a sound licking). A return match, 4 rinks aside, has been arranged at Double Bay, when we hope to turn the tables.

Further matches are set down for early decision and details will be displayed on the Club's Notice Board at an early date.

Vice-President Charlie Young has had a further success in the Minor Championship at City Club. He defeated Peter Latham 31/29 after being down 20/29. Like Brazier,

HAND BALL NOTES

THE "Winooka" Trophy Handicap is now being played for in the Athletic Department, and has had the effect of bringing in to prominence many new players who have shown rapid improvement, and are still improving with every game, and before long will seriously be challenging some of the present Grade Champions.

To mention a few names:—J. Dexter (Jnr.), and Eric Thompson have shown particular improvement up to the time of writing.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Peter Lindsay, would again like to remind competitors that any player who has not completed ten (10) games by the 1st August will automatically be withdrawn from the Competition.

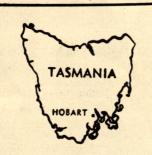
It is particulary pleasing to note that during the tournament so far there has been much keen competition and quite a number of new players are competing.

Charles improves after every birthday. Keep up the good work.

CAPTAIN C. B. FRY, R.N.V.R., has had a long illness - several months' long in fact-at his home hard by the Training Ship Mercury, which has been much of his life's work at Hamble, Hants. Now, in the words of his nurse, he is "almost well" again. Before his illness "C.B." was about the youngest-looking 76 I ever knew. He hopes to be able to reappear on the cricket grounds next summer. To everyone old enough to remember-and thousands who are not-Fry is known as the leading allrounder of his day in cricket, soccer football and athletics.

N EW anti-alcohol treatment is reported in the "Lancet." Injections of a drug called antabuse are being used to sensitise drinkers; it makes them show a marked dislike for alcohol. A few days after taking antabuse, says the report, a former enthusiastic drinker "had to break away from a lunch with his fiancee in a restaurant and take a taxi home. A few days later he became ill even after a single drink." One effect of drinking after antabuse is to give the patient a red face and a "bull-eved" look.

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1949 Melbourne Cup Consultation

is now well on the way

£50,000 FIRST PRIZE
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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

WIDE-AWAKE ARTICLE ON SLEEP

Do you have difficulty in wooing nature's sweet restorer? Then read this article as written by James Dugan in "Collier's." He knows all the questions and answers.

RECENTLY medical science has been completely buffaloed by a strange case. A patient went to sleep and stayed that way for one-third of his lifetime. He came out good. He cocked a cheerful eye at the medicos, yawned prettily and said, "How come I went to sleep like that?" The attending specialists groaned. One of them said, "Riddles he asks. Listen, Mister, frankly, we don't have a clue. We don't know beans about it."

This is a true case in medical annals; and nothing rare about it either. The patient was the entire human race, which everybody knows sleeps about one-third of its lifetime, eight hours at a crack. The fact that this goes on every night everywhere doesn't make the doctors any happier. They don't know why we go to sleep or what hidden button is pressed to knock us out, or who presses the button, if there is a button. A pretty pickle, indeed, for medical science!

It isn't because the medical profession hasn't tried to solve it. More work has been done on sleep than all the brain-flogging that went into nuclear fission, but on sleep the report card reads zero. Biologists say we sleep because we can't help it. It's a built-in animal instinct.

The psychoanalysts have a cunning explanation of their own. They say we sleep because of a subconscious reversion to childhood, that along about midnight everyone unknowingly wants to get back in the bassinet and put his big toe in his mouth. Men of science cannot agree on what causes sleep, nor can they make up their minds on how many hours of sleep you need per day.

Two hundred years ago people believed six hours were enough for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool. Professor Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago Sleep Laboratory has been investigating sleep for 25 years. Periods of deep and light sleep alternate throughout the night, he says. Blood pressure goes down in sleep. Noise

will step up the heart pump without necessarily awakening the sleeper. City folk who pride themselves on being able to sleep through taxi horns, singing drunks and garbage-can concertos are having their rest disturbed nonetheless.

Professor Kleitman has deflated the notion that prolonged sleeplessness makes you crazy. He has kept people awake for five days without making them any nuttier than they were for agreeing to such a trial. He himself has stayed awake for 180 hours and states that it did not make him crazy. What Professor Kleitman has discovered about the cause of sleep in 25 years of devoted study will give you an idea of how tough the problem is. Sleep, he says, "is the result of the inability to keep awake."

The professor is a sworn enemy of the double bed. One of the few points of agreement among sleep scholars is a loud recommendation of twin beds. The moralists got in ahead of the scientists with the slogan. "Twin beds make for divorce." It is a solid folk belief. The scientists say it's the biggest fib there is. Actually, they say, the double bed is the villain of the piece. It is the main point for passing secondary infections such as colds between husband and wife. Perfectly normal sleeping postures and movements of one bedmate will rob the other of sleep.

Knack of a Nap

Most of the fast sleepers have acquired the knack of catching a restful catnap any time they choose. To-day, there are more and more people who take daytime naps.

In the Balkans, particularly Yugo-slavia, the working day is split by a six-hour break, between eleven and five, when businesses close down for lunch, shopping, strolling and sleeping. People go to work early and work late, and manage to put in an efficient working day. Scientists have found that a nap when and where you need it makes for more efficient brainwork. Fatigue occurs about midday and may be erased by a siesta.

The sleep scientists say that insomnia is usually nothing more than remembrance of wakeful periods, which everyone has in sleep. Normal sleepers change position twenty to sixty times a night. We simply don't sleep "like a log." Professor Kleitman says, "If you don't stir regularly in your sleep, you'll wake up stiff as a board." The body must find restful positions for all its parts, which is why we are usually changing positions every ten minutes or so while asleep.

Professor Kleitman says coffee drinking and eating before bedtime have little effect on sleep. A Dagwood sandwich and milk before bed never hurt anybody, except people who have heard that ice-box raiding steals sleep and don't want to spoil the theory.

The Chicago sleep sage says, "Any cure for insomnia that puts you to sleep is the best one." Warm baths are nice—if they put you to sleep. Reciting "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" may help. But leave sleeping pills alone unless you are actually ill and they are administered by a physician. Professor Kleitman says one good way of conquering wakeful sleep is to go to bed an hour earlier than usual.

Robert Southey, the poet laureate, brought on the sandman by recalling divinity lectures he had heard in college.

My own favourite in the literature of Nod is the "Phenomenon of Sleep Solved," by Luther Stockton Fish, published in 1911. Fish has an eyeball-rolling theory. He says you should pick out a point in the ceiling away over your head and roll your eyes back, USING WILL POWER until you think you can see the speck. Your bedmate may get alarmed, seeing nothing but the whites of your eyes, but carry on anyway. Then, says Fish, empty your lungs of air and count fifteen heartbeats.

Now start inhaling; keep drawing in the air while you count fifteen more heartbeats. At this point, a little physiology you might not know about: Fish says there is a pet cock inside the human windpipe. Are you holding it? Now, says Fish, you close the pet cock by yelling "Huk!" If you have followed Fish step by step, you will be asleep. Or—Huk! dead.

Russia's Seven Seasons of Racing

Foaled in 1940, Russia has come to the end of his tether as a racing proposition. His future at the stud—he already has had a brief period there—will be watched with close interest by the many thousands who followed his turf career. It won't be long before Sydney folk read about a few young "Russia's" trying to keep the name of their sire in the headlines. He should get stayers.

RUSSIA was a great horse for owner, Mr. Gordon Leeds, as from 88 starts he won 23 races, was 14 times second and 13 times third, for an aggregate of £39,349 stakemoney.

At one period he carried the colours of Randwick trainer E. (Ted) Hush, for whom he won 1945 A.J.C. Anniversary Hcp. He was then a four-year-old. The veteran galloper did a remarkable fine job to stay in racing so long but he wasn't given much to do early in life which probably was a contributing factor to his seven seasons of racing.

Actually he wasn't over-raced in any given year as in his busiest season—as a 3-year-old—he made 19 appearances for three wins, three seconds, and three thirds, and £2,044. At two years he started three times but didn't gain a place. Twelve starts at 4 years for three wins and minor places earned £5,098, while from 18 runs at five years he totalled £4,128. Russia reached the peak of his form as a money winner at six years when he earned £14,981, outstanding success being the Melbourne Cup.

As a seven-year-old he won five races from 13 starts and lifted £7,263, while in his last turf season his £5,835 came from three wins and three seconds in seven starts.

Brisbane veteran turf writer, Bill Armstrong, compiled an interesting record of Russia for the Queensland Racing Calendar. It was a complete reference to the horse's form from the first day he raced. Russia won in three States. He is a son of Excite-

ment (imp.) and Lady March by Bonnemont (imp.).

Unlike many other winners of the Melbourne Cup, Russia didn't stop at that race or find that it affected his future racing. Actually, after winning it in 3 214, equalling the record, and with 9 st. up, he followed with eight wins at weight for age over varying distances. A light season at the stud was followed this year by a return to racing. He was then twice successful in Melbourne and later scored in A.J.C. Autumn Stakes. His aggregate stakemoney places him fifth on Australia's list of great winners.

A Year After

It was not until a year after he had commenced racing, and at his seventeenth start, that Russia won his first race, a three-year-old hcp., 7 furlongs, at Randwick, wrote Bill Armstrong, for the Queensland Calendar. Russia then, as in many other races, was ridden by Jack Thompson. Russia competed against some of the best horses in Australia, the list including Flight, Shannon, Murray Stream, Don Pedro, Rainbird, Bernborough, Proctor, Carbon Copy and Columnist.

On one trip to Brisbane for the Exhibition meeting in August, 1946, Russia scooped the pool. He won the National Plate Metropolitan Hep. and Exhibition Hep. for a total £3,150 in stakes, but the summit of his career was his winning the Melbourne Cup.

With D. Munro in the saddle he was

always near the lead, cleared out shortly after turning into the straight, and won by half a dozen lengths from On Target and Carey, starting at 16 to 1. His price was much longer a few days before the race. Russia's share of the stake was £7,200.

A noted stayer, it is hoped through his progeny he will keep his name in the headlines in the not distant future.

KING CHARLES II was one of the wittiest kings on record, but sometimes he was himself the subject of a quick retort. As, for instance, when he remarked to a lady-in-waiting:—

"I am very pleased to see you here again, for a rumour reached me that you had been laid up with twins."

The instant reply was:

"But, Sire, you must never believe more than half you are told."

LITTLE Johnny was dutifully saying his prayers one night. He chanted, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Suddenly he stopped and thought hard.

"If," his mother gently prompted.

At last Jimmy remembered. He excitedly continued:

"If he hollers, let him go, eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

A YOUNG doctor and a young dentist shared the services of a receptionist and both fell in love with her.

The dentist was called away on business so he sent for the receptionist and said: "I'm going to be away for ten days. You will find a little present in your office."

She went in and found ten apples.

CHARLES KINSELA

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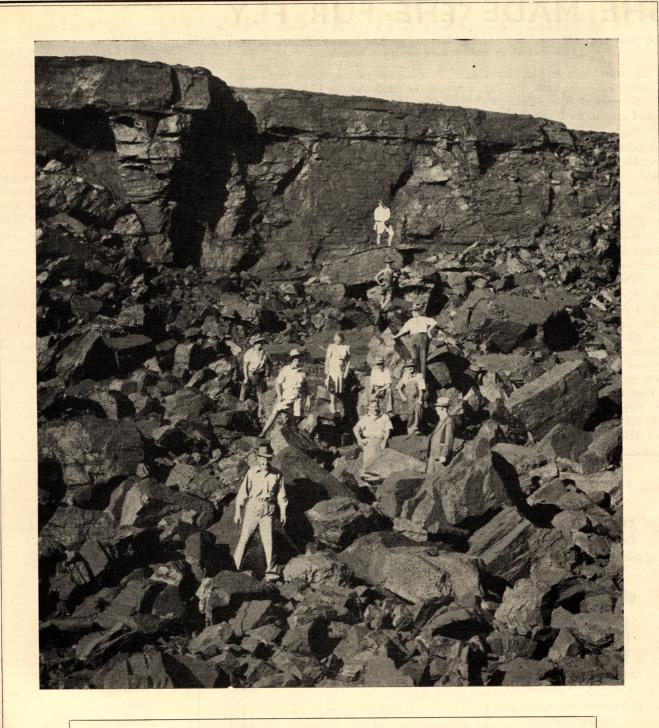
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A Mountain of Coal

Blair Athol Coal after a blast in the Open Cut—A form of coal seeking now apparently well on its way to establishment in permanent form.

SHE MADE THE FUR FLY

Billy Rose spins this story in his series "Saturday At The Diamond Horseshoe," the relish of which readers have enjoyed previously.

THE other night at "21," I couldn't help noticing that one of our better-known detective-story writers looked as sad as a spanked spaniel.

"What's wrong with Tom?" I asked the publisher who was dining with me. "He looks as if he'd lost his last plot."

"In a way, he has," said my friend. "His wife walked out on him last week."

You could have knocked me down with a pitted olive. Of all the couples hereabouts I would have made a book on, Tom and his lady were highest on my dope sheet.

Not that the fictioneer was a bargain—he was given to playing around the side streets, and he treated his missus like a 30 dollar-a-week house-keeper. But to Dorothy, Tom was an important talent, and she saw to it that his typewriter was oiled and his meals were hot. If he showed up with a smudge of lipstick now and then—well, that was the pre-

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rogative of genius, and it was enough if he came back and let her serve.

"Why did they break up?" I asked. "Did Dorothy finally get fed up with Tom's catting?"

"No," said the publisher. "They split because he bought her a mink coat."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"I'll give you the story pelt by pelt," said the publisher. "As you know, for years a bunch of us have been meeting every Thursday night for a game of dollar poker, and at one of these sessions we got to kidding about the fur coats our wives were buying and how much they cost. One of the players—Gene Simmons, the fur dealer—began to rib Tom, and asked him how come he had never bought his wife a hunk of hide.

"'What's wrong with the coat Dorothy's got?' said the writer. 'It keeps her plenty warm.'

"The kidding finally got under Tom's skin, and when we broke up, he took Simmons aside and told him he was going to send Dorothy around the next day for a mink coat.

"Well, we almost blacked out at the next session when Gene reported that Dorothy had been in and had waltzed out with a six-thousand-dollar pelt, but what we didn't know at the time was that the writer had hatched himself another plot. Tom figured that a few days after his wife got the coat, he would make a big noise about how bad the book business was, and dutiful Dotty would trot right back to Simmons with the coat."

"Where did the plot misfire?" I asked.

"In all departments," said the publisher. "First, Dorothy concluded that Tom must have done something especially naughty to come up with such a present, so she started to check up on him. And what she found out opened her baby blues.

"Second, the feel of mink on her back did nice things to her spine, and so she began to step out a bit. Several people—including Dorothy herself—told her she was something of a knockout, and as you know,

girls don't like to keep that kind of information secret.

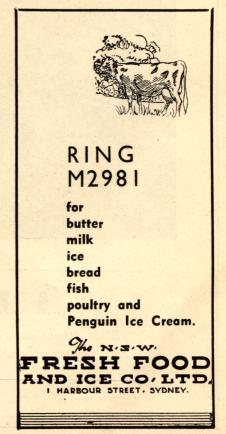
"Tom, of course, was too busy with Tom to notice any of this. One night he brought out the crying towel, told Dorothy he had a big income-tax payment to meet, and that she'd have to return the coat to Simmons first thing in the morning.

"'I'll do better than that,' said his wife. 'I'll bring it back to Gene to-night—with me in it.'

"And that's only one of the plot switches the author never intended. Dorothy is wearing the coat in Reno now, but—get this—yesterday Simmons slapped a summons on Tom demanding payment for the coat. And he's got him dead to rights—even the boys at the poker game are witnesses. It looks as if our tight-wad friend is going to have to buy a fur coat for a fur dealer's wife."

"Tough luck," I tsk-tsked. "It's a cute story and it has a moral, although I can't ad lib it at the moment."

"Maybe," said the publisher, "It's just that no writer of detective stories, no matter how plot-minded, knows all the twists—least of all, the twist he's married to." —Billy Rose.





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K22

"Snowy" Baker Still Going Strong

This story of Reg. L. ("Snowy") Baker was written in the "Los Angeles Times" by Braven Dyer.

AT an age when most men have retired to their carpet slippers and rocking chair, Snowy Baker started to play polo. And as he celebrates his 65th birthday this remarkable athlete finds it his favourite sport.

Inasmuch as Snowy competed in virtually every type of athletic endeavour known to man, his choice of polo as his top sport stamps this great game as mighty rugged competition.

I have an idea that Snowy, at 65, is the oldest man actively engaged in whapping the ball from one end of the field to the other. And he plays three times a week down at the Riviera Country Club, where he is equestrian director.

"Yes, I started playing polo when I was 45," said Snowy, "and the man who first got me interested in the game was the late Will Rogers. If he had lived I feel confident that he would still be playing the game because he was a marvellous competitor.

"When athletes start to decline its their legs that go first. That's why polo is so much fun. Your horse provides your legs. I believe that the horse is 80 per cent. of polo, which means that if you keep in shape you ought to be able to play the game as long as you can find a good horse."

Snowy Baker is acknowledged as Australia's greatest all-round athlete. He represented that country in the 1908 Olympic Games in London, being picked with 25 other Lancers to compete in military athletics which featured equestrian sports.

Baker also took part in swimming, diving, water polo and boxing in those games. He had five fights in one day and lost the last for the middleweight title. And he had something like 200 fights, all as an amateur.

During his career he won the middleweight and heavyweight championships of Australia. In the latter division he fought against men who outweighed him as much as 30 pounds.

Snowy figures he has refereed something like 1,300 fights in Australia, England, France and Denmark.

In 1908, after returning from the Olympic Games, he was named to referee the world's championship heavyweight bout between Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns.

"I never had met Johnson," said Baker, "and the day before the fight he came into the office of Hugh McIntosh, who was promoting the fight.

"McIntosh introduced Johnson to me and Jack looked at me and said: 'I wont have this man refereeing my fight. I never knew a blond man who liked a coloured man.'

"I was a towhead and Johnson had made up his mind. So McIntosh refereed his own fight and Johnson won the title in 14 rounds."

Baker thinks that old Peter Jackson was the best fighter of his time. He boxed an exhibition with Bob Fitzsimmons but never saw Ruby Robert in an actual fight.

"Jack Johnson was great, too," says Snowy. "He was an artist, and boxing is an art."

The longest fight Baker refereed was a 33-round brawl between two bare-knuckle fighters in the bush of Australia.

In addition to the sports already named Snowy has competed in middle-distance running, fencing, ground acrobatics and tumbling, weight lifting, handball, yachting, steeplechasing, hockey, cricket, rugby and a spot of tennis.

"The best way to prolong life is through activity," says Snowy. "The average person eats too much and doesn't get enough exercise. I ride an average of 25 miles a day and hope to keep it up as long as I live."

Snowy's mother christened him Reginald Leslie but nobody ever calls him by either of these names.

CHEAP BUY EVEN AT 5,000 GUINEAS

Nimbus, latest winner of the English Derby, cost 5,000 guineas, a big price by Australian standards for a yearling, but he has already proved a bargain.

NIMBUS is by Nearco, from Kong, a mare by Baytown, and was bred by Mr. William Hill at his Whitsbury Manor stud. Baytown, a grey stallion, is by Achtoi from Prince Herodias by Roi Herods.

Baytown won the Irish Derby and Two Thousand Guineas, and was second in the Irish St. Leger in 1928. Total winnings, £9,032. Kong was bred by the late Sir Charles Hyde. Foaled in 1923, she won four races and has now bred three winners in England. Her dam, Clang, by Hainualt, a half-brother by Swynford to Phalaris, won the Hyde Park Stakes at Epsom as a two-year-old.

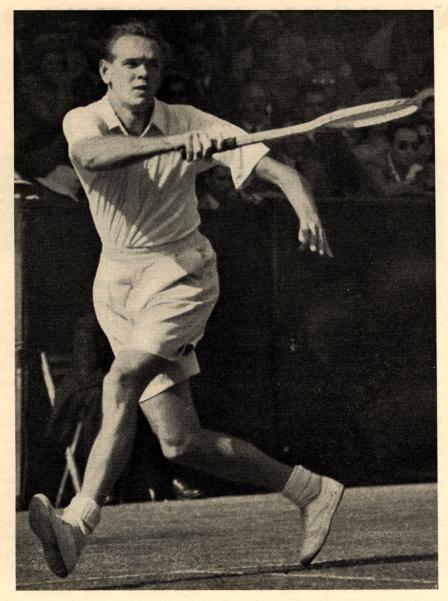
Second dam, Vibration, was got by Black Jester from Radiancy by Sundridge from Queen Elizabeth by Ladas.

Nimbus, a beautiful colt standing more than 16 hands, also won the Two Thousand Guineas. Winnings already exceed £27,000 a comparative fleabite to his potential value as a sire when it is decided to send him to the stud.

Nearco (unbeaten) is also sire of Dante, one of the most spectacular winners of the English Derby, and is also sire of a number of stallions now at the stud in New Zealand and Australia. Belvedere (imp.), one of Mr. F. W. Hughes' latest importations, is a son of Nearco.

Achtoi, who figures in the pedigree of Nimbus, is grandsire of Actor (imp.), whose progeny have raced with success in Australia, one of his best sons being Proctor, a winner of the Sydney Cup. Achtoi is a son of Santoi, a winner of England's famous staying race, the Ascot Gold Cup.

SOMETHING that Neville Cardus didn't think of: Reference to W. G. Grace in Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket": He turned the single-stringed instrument into the many-chorded lyre—"



Jack Kramer, greatest tennis player in the world to-day, is seeking our own John Bromwich to join his professional group, if persistent rumours are correct. To date Bromwich has not stated his views but many well-informed supporters of the game say the odds greatly favour his turning professional after the present Davis Cup series end.

Another Fireworks in the Headlines

When the name Fireworks appeared in the weights for a recent Canterbury Park meeting, and also for a Gosford fixture on the same day—he won at the latter track, his first start in a race—old-timers pricked their ears.

FIREWORKS struck a familiar note with some of the veterans. They remembered, mostly from reading about the incident, that Fireworks of the sixties made history when he was allowed to win two Victoria Derbies — something unparalleled in the annals of the Aus-

tralian turf, and which naturally happened once only.

Looking over old-time official records, writer found that first running of the Victoria Derby in 1855 was conducted jointly by Victoria Turf Club and Victorian Jockey Club. It was not until 1864 that Victoria Racing Club came into being.

Victoria Jockey Club had charge of the Derby from 1857 till 1859 inclusive. The episode concerning Fireworks occurred in years 1867 and 1868. In latter years the blue riband was decided on New Year's Day, hence Fireworks, winner of the classic a few weeks earlier, went on to win it again on January 1, 1868, which made a farce of racing, and naturally wasn't further proceeded with. How such an incident could have happened is beyond comprehension! Next Derby at Flemington was run at the usual time in 1869. While mentioning the Classic, to-day's turf followers might be interested to learn or take a mental note that the first Victoria Derby was won by Rose of May, who took 2.59 to run the mile and a half. Present time record, 2.30½, is credited to Beau Gem.

Back to Fireworks! He was by Kelpie (imp.), who was got by Weatherbit from Chill of The Mist. Fireworks was owned and trained by J. Tait and in each Derby race was ridden by C. Stanley. His first Derby was left behind in 2.56 and the second, a few weeks later, in 2.53. He also won A.J.C. Derby (1867) and St. Leger (1868).

Looking over old files one finds that Fireworks later sired a number of good stayers, including Lapidist and Robin Hood (V.R.C. Derby), Rose d'Amour (Oaks), First Water (Australian Cup); and Goldsbrough (A.J.C. Metropolitan and St. Leger). Robin Hood also won A.J.C. St. Leger.

Until the new Fireworks was given his title—it is a wonder no other horse of the name appeared in the meantime—racing men, old and new, had remembered the old stager for his unprecedented Derby success at Flemington.

Pat Nailon is training the present Fireworks for Messrs. I. Silk and J. Davis. The gelding won Gosford three-year-old Maiden at his initial start. He is by Marabou, a fine stayer and winner of the Melbourne Cup, from Trojan Miss by Iliad (imp.) from After Money by Paper Money (imp.). After Money was a minor winner on Sydney tracks. Fireworks is from the same family as Manfred and Martian and is closely related to former speedster Freckles.

(Continued on Page 24)

SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

Battle for "Native Son" Trophy

LIKE good wine, our swimmers get better with age and some of them have even surprised themselves by the speed they are showing at this late stage of the season.

Most of them blame Sam Block's clock when some particularly snappy time is recorded, but Handicapper Jack Gunton just won't listen to alibis and back they go.

During the past month or so the improvers have been McCamley, two seconds, and Sherman, D. Hunter, Chiene, Webber, Kendall, Lindsay, Murray and Goldie a second each.

Peter Lindsay and Stuart Murray just wouldn't accept the news that they had both won heats in 22-4/5 secs., but the manner of their wins told the tale and loud were the groans of the bystanders, the customary greeting in the Pool of a time-breaking performance.

It all goes to show how the boys can key themselves up when the whips are cracking as there are only five more races to go to complete the season and the contest for



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the "Native Son" Trophy for best points scorer of the season is really hot.

The situation has changed greatly since last month and Jack Shaffran,

Adams who looks a likely performer. Best times during the month were: Carl Phillips, 19-3/5; W. G. Dovey and Neil Barrell, 21-1/5; Bill Phillips and Peter Hill, 21-3/5.



who was leading then is now only in fifth place, Bruce Chiene having taken a half point lead over Peter Lindsay with Dave Hunter five points further astern and Harry Davis another half point away.

Sixteen points cover the first eight swimmers so things are mighty interesting.

Harry Davis was a bit unlucky or he would have been only a couple behind Chiene. In one race he overbalanced at the start and went before his time, being disqualified and thus losing a probable four points at least.

Arthur McCamley took out the May Point Score and thus landed his second trophy for the season.

Don Wilson, the King of the Brace Relay experts, landed another during the month in partnership with Carl Phillips and later won an individual 40 yards in good time. Don will soon be on his way overseas and he's certainly in good nick for the trip.

No wonder Clive Hoole has been looking mighty spry these days and swimming heats. He has recently become the proud father of a boy—"A swimmer, too," says Clive.

Bill Sellen has been on the sick list and has missed his races. By the way, congratulations to Bill's Dad who was elected to Tattersall's Club Committee. There was nearly a quorum in the Pool watching the racing one day when new committeemen Arthur Miller and Bill Sellen joined George Chiene, a consistent Pool habitue, to watch the racing.

Welcome to the latest addition to the Swimming Club ranks in Bob

Results

May 24, 40 yards Handicap:—A. McCamley (28), 1; B. Chiene (23), 2; W. Sherman (29), 3. Time 26 secs.

May 31, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—D. Wilson and C. B. Phillips (46), 1; P. Lindsay and C. Hoole (47), 2; A. K. Webber and W. G. Dovey (48), 3. Time 44-1/5 secs.

June 7, 40 yards Handicap:—1st Division: W. B. Phillips (22), 1; P. Lindsay (24), 2; A. K. Webber (27), 3. Time 21-1/5 secs. 2nd Division: D. Wilson (26), 1; D. B. Hunter (26), 2; Neil Barrell (22), 3. Time 25 secs.

June 14, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—B. Chiene and W. Sherman (50), 1; W. G. Dovey and H. E. Davis (43), 2; D. B. Hunter and C. Hoole (49), 3. Time 50 secs.

June 21, 40 yards Handicap:— Heat winners: W. G. Dovey (21), 21-1/5 secs.; P. Lindsay (24), 22-4/5 secs.; S. Murray (24), 22-4/5 secs.; D. B. Hunter (26), 25 secs.; P. Hill (22), 21-3/5 secs.; C. Hoole (23), 23-1/5 secs.

May Point Score

Final Result:—A. McCamley, 24; B. Chiene, 22; P. Lindsay, 21; H. E. Davis, 21; C. B. Phillips, 19; G. Goldie, 17½; S. Murray, 17; C. Hoole, 16; A. K. Webber, 16; W. Sherman, 16; M. Fuller, 15; D. B. Hunter, 15; J. Shaffran, 14.

June Point Score

With a final and an event to complete it, the leaders in this series are:—D. B. Hunter, 16½; W. G. Dovey, 16; P. Lindsay, 16; B. Chiene, 15; C. Hoole, 13; H. E. Davis, 12½;

(Continued at foot of next column)

Bringing a Crocodile Back Alive

FROM Mackay in Queensland to west of Darwin, crocodiles can still be found. Over such a vast territory, there are many places where they breed undisturbed by man. A few shooters are operating for skins, but they are too few to thin out the numbers.

In the crocodile country these giant reptiles are more often referred to as 'gators. This is a misnomer; Australia has no alligators, apart from zoo specimens, but has two species of crocodiles.

The dreaded man-eater is crocodilus porosus, easily distinguished by the broad ugly snout. He lives in salt water and is sometimes referred to as the estuary crocodile. A smaller and inoffensive species, crocodilus johnstoni, is found in fresh-water lagoons of the inland, living mainly on fish. They grow to only about 7 feet and their chief characteristic is a long slender snout.

Shooting "crocs" is hard work and many accidents can happen. Modern high-powered rifles in the hands of a skilled marksman usually mean a sure kill, but hazards abound in this tough, isolated country where the hunters work.

Trapping them alive for zoos is quite another "game" requiring a special technique, patience and plenty of guts.

(Continued from previous Page)
A. K. Webber, 12½; W. Sherman, 12;
A. McCamley, 11; S. Murray, 11; J.
O. Dexter, 10; W. B. Phillips, 10.

"Native Son" Point Score Up to and including 21st June, the leaders in this series, covering total points scored in season 1948-1949, are: B. Chiene, 127; P. Lindsay, 126½; D. B. Hunter, 121½; H. E. Davis, 121; J. Shaffran, 119½; C. Hoole, 118; S. Murray, 1141; A. McCamley, 111; A. K. Webber, 1041; C. B. Phillips, 102; Neil Barrell, 95; G. Goldie, 89; W. Sherman, 87½; M Fuller, $86\frac{1}{2}$; C. Chatterton, $86\frac{1}{2}$; J. O. Dexter, 84½; W. G. Dovey, 80½; M. Sellen, 76; W. Kendall, 731; G. Boulton, 67½; W. B. Phillips, 66; S. Lorking, 65; S. B. Solomon, 64; D. Wilson, 61; G. Christmas, 54½; B. Hodgson, 50½; W. M. Williams, $50\frac{1}{2}$.

The whereabouts of the crocodile is shown by its tracks in the mud and the approximate size is judged from these markings before the trap is set. Experienced trappers can estimate the length of a beast to within a few inches.

Crocodiles grow to well over 10 feet in length and some specimens of over 20 feet have been reported by shooters.

When a suitable spot has been chosen, a noose in a wire rope is arranged in such a manner that a tug at the bait by the victim dislodges a weight placed in the branches of a tree. This draws the noose tightly around the body just behind the forelegs. If necessary, two rows of stakes are put into position to lead the victim into the noose before it can pull on the bait.

When the crocodile has taken the bait and it is caught in the noose, the strength of this and the tree, to which it is tied, is fully tested by the enraged reptile. Roaring, it twists, turns and rears in fury as it churns up the sticky, black foetid mud in its attempts to escape.

The first fury has subsided by the time the trappers approach, but this is repeated when they appear. When it is seen that the crocodile is securely fastened in the trap, its mouth is tied with two lines.

During this manoeuvre its murderous tail must be watched. The crocodile struggles continuously and great masses of mud are swept into the air with a force that would knock a man over. A hit by the tail itself would kill or maim a man.

The tail must therefore be rendered harmless and very carefully it is lassoed and secured. Each step the trapper takes is turned into "slow motion" by the cloying, viscous mud.

The crocodile is then tied throughout its entire length to a stout pole. Each limb must be watched carefully during this operation and tightly tied, for the claws are incredibly strong. A rip from one could easily result in the loss of a limb or crippling for life.

Completely trussed and immobile the crocodile is then carried to the trappers' boat into which it is manhandled. Now no longer a menace, the live trophy of the hunt is taken back to the base where it is caged ready for its eventual despatch to a

At Cairns, a very busy seaport, crocodiles are reported occasionally along the foreshore, a few hundred yards from the main shopping centre. In the undisturbed parts, further along the coast, they grow much larger and breed in great numbers. This is particularly noticeable from the air as they bask in the hot sun on the river mudbanks. Resembling more than anything else old barnacled logs, they appear to be sluggish, but this is a deception. When the necessity arises, they move at a speed which is bewildering.

As recent as November, 1942, a fatality caused by a crocodile was recorded at Deeral, N.Q., when a schoolgirl of 13 was killed.

At Cairns, in the Methodist Church Hall, is a memorial plaque in memory of a child taken by a crocodile in the early 1900's.

From station horses and cattle the crocodile exacts a heavy toll.

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Boss of Britain's Boxing

The cheerful man with the cigar has climbed from the ranks to control of the big fights in England. His name has made headlines in Australian newspapers recently.

THERE has been a lot of talk about the future of British boxing: what it actually amounts to is the future of Jack Solomons. It wouldn't be altogether true to say that Solomons has slugged his way right up from the East End; he was there and he did take some active part in boxing, but instead of making himself a second-rater, he did the next best thing and made money.

He was born in Petticoat Lane. His father was a fishmonger and the family consisted of nine Solomons, who were involved, one way or another, in fish. Jack is still to be found in Billingsgate most mornings at six to see that his shop in Ridley Road gets its proper allocation.

Rosie, one of the nine Solomons, married Joe Brooks, a featherweight. As a kid Jack carried his bag and got to see the fights for nothing. At fourteen he occasionally fanned Joe between rounds and earned a few shillings as his second.

A year later Jack Solomons was doubling for a boxer called Harry Gross. This is how he describes his brief career inside the ring: "When I was fifteen I had my first professional fight against a boy named Ted Green. I stopped him in two rounds, and my father stopped me in half a second for getting into a fight. Just the same, I went on. When I was seventeen I got ambitious and fought my brother-in-law, Joe Brooks. I got £7/10/- and he stopped me in five rounds."

This business of getting pounds and stopping people might have gone on interminably if it wasn't for the fact that Jack was in love. With the £7/10/- he bought his girl a present, but he couldn't coax a smile from her, not with a face like his in the condition that Joe Brooks had left it. He had to promise there and then that he was through with boxing—at least on the inside.

In 1930, when he was thirty, Jack promoted a fight between Johnny King and Dick Corbett for the bantamweight championship of Great Britain at Clapton Stadium and lost £275.

But he still worked hard to promote boys like Jim Brady, Dave Finn, Tommy Hyams, Kid Berg, Harry Lazar, Kid Silver, Tiny Bostock and Pedro Montanez.

Jack learned the prime lessons of match-making—for the boxing fan, his money's worth; and for the boxer, a square deal. Few of the big fists that have battered each other for ephemeral glory under Jack's promotion have ever bothered about a contract. Five who supported the Mills-Goffaux date were vague about their purses before the event—they had left it to Jack's good sense, and the fact that he has often been known to throw in another £50 or £100 for good measure.

Before Japan crumbled in the summer of 1945, Jack had staged his biggest venture, the Woodcock-London contest, and grossed £25,000. Entertainment tax carved away forty-eight per cent., the B.B.B. of C. got a five per cent. cut off the joint. After paying overheads and income tax out of the remainder, what was left of this lovely meal looked no bigger than a pea on a plate.

R EPROVING a snooty young actress who perpetually wore the expression of a person scenting a bad odour, Mrs. Fiske observed: "Young woman, you weren't born, you were assembled. And when they came to your nose they took the first thing that turned up."

* * *

AN old backwoods contractor was digging a basement with a slip scraper and one horse, but he was yelling, "Giddap Jack, giddap Jerry, giddap Casey, giddap Cromwell."

A stranger passing by asked, "How many names does your horse have?"

"Oh," said the old timer, "his name is Jack, but he doesn't know his own strength. So I put blinders on him and yell all those other names. He thinks he has other horses helping him!"

THE grading foreman was named Dodgin. He climbed out of his car for the first look at the road job and came upon two of the crew in back of the powder house, smoking.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Dodgin, the grade foreman."

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

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PLAYING THE HALF-BALL LOSER

G REAT skill at billiards is dependent upon a wide understanding of the game and ability to use it to the fullest extent. A really sound knowledge of the game consists of two things: how to make any particular kind of stroke and, what is far more important, how to play it, so that good position may be left for the next shot.

As in every other game or sport we must begin soundly and surely. In billiards that leads to building up a series of strokes which in good time leads to that goal of all players—big breaks.

The backbone of billiards is undoubtedly the in-off game, and unless a good deal of proficiency is attained in this branch little progress can be made.

The whole of the in-off game has undoubtedly been built up around the half-ball stroke. True it may be that a good player may possibly go through a fairly long game without having occasion to make use of many half-ball strokes.

He makes use of varying contacts as he deems necessary for the setting up or retention of good position, although the strokes just as regards the score itself may have been easier as half-ball shots. It is, however, that he makes use of varying contacts and so retains good position for continuing his break. The half-ball stroke, for that reason, is a most important one, and its mastery is essential at the very beginning.

Two things are essential to gain proficiency at this important stroke. Knowledge of where to spot the cueball on the "D" for the natural half-ball angle and the ability to make the required contact.

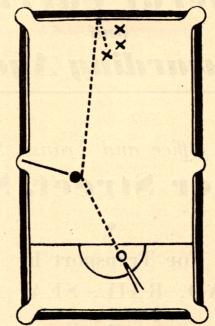
Spotting the angle

The knowledge of where to spot the cue-ball for a half-ball stroke comes with practice. It is only a matter of time for the eye to accustom itself to the angle required for this stroke. There are very few people, indeed, who fail to visualise the natural half-ball angle after playing a comparatively short time.

Ability to make the required half-

ball contact on the object ball after the correct spotting has been made is a different matter altogether. But having mastered the essentials of good cueing explained in the previous lesson, this ability to make the required contact also becomes quite easy.

Good cueing is the whole secret of correct contact. No matter how good your knowledge of the game may be, unless you can be sure of making any desired contact, progress is utterly impossible. Therefore, again



In contradistinction to story, the above diagram shows a "Half-ball winner" which is used so frequently by champions to gain immediate top-of-the-table position.

I emphasise — practice good cueing as this is the most important thing in billiards.

Much can be learned from any good book on billiards but it is only by constant practice that anyone becomes proficient. Many players are reluctant to practise for any length of time either at cueing or anything calculated to improve their game because of their keenness to get on with the actual play.

To such players I would say, pause and think. From a sound foundation good progress may be made, whereas if the essentials discussed in the previous lessons are skipped for what may appear to be more interesting phases of the game, progress will not be so rapid as it might otherwise be.

A valuable tip

Of the many strokes on a billiard table the half-ball shot is the easiest, because the line of aim is clearly defined. The alignment of the cue in every half-ball stroke is towards the extreme edge of the object ball. When the object ball has to take fuller or thinner than half-ball there is no definite line of aim and it is this fact which makes such strokes far more difficult than half-ball shots.

The edge of a ball stands out quite clearly and if aim is taken through the centre of the cue-ball to the edge of the object-ball, and the cue delivered accurately, the half-ball contact will be made.

Be careful, however, that the whole breadth of the cue tip is not pointed outside the object ball, otherwise (Continued next page)



(Cnr. Rowe and Castlereagh Sts.)

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

GRAND SNOOKER TOURNAMENT, 1949

RESULTS OF SECOND ROUND

W. G. Harris	Rec.	55	beat	C. K. Macdonald	Rec.	45 by 13
H. J. Robertson	Scrate		.,	I. W. Douglas	,,	45 ,, 18
E. K. White	Rec.	50		I. Harris	,,	50 ,, 7
W. S. Edwards	,,	50		G. D. Tayler	,,	60 Forfeit
G. J. C. Moore	,,	50	,,	B. M. Lane	,,	20 by 17
D. F. Graham	,,	50	.,	H R. H. Foley	,,	50 ,, 20
K. F. E. Fidden	,,	30	,,	J. W. Melville	,,	55 ,, 11
S. Peters	,,	50	",	J. Eaton	,,	35 ,, 25
J. A. Shaw	,,	45	.,	L. D. Tasker	,,	50 ,, 14
"G. J. W."	,,	30	,,	H. F. Kent	,,	40 ,, 26
P. J. Schwarz	,,	40	,,	I. Green	,,	55 ,, 48
E. A. Davis	,,	20		W. R. Laforest	,,	40 ,, 31
H. G. Parr	"	50	"	M. E. Farley	,,	55 Forfeit
J. L. Hughes	"	50	,,	I. A. Craig	,,	45 ,, 44
L. H. Howarth	.,	35	"	L. R. Flack	.,	45 ,, 12
C. L. Parker	,,	50		R. R. Doyle	,,	50 ,, 10
I. H. Peoples	,,	30		G. Fienberg	,,	20 ,, 44
J. Molloy	,,	30	,,	C. O. Chambers	,,	45 ,, 31
A. R. Buckle	,,	45	.,	F. Ezzy	,,	50 ,, 48
E. H. Booth	,,	40	,,	V. Richards	,,	50 ,, 35
W. G. Marshall	,,	50		C. Summerhayes	,,	40 ,, 24
T. E. Sweet	,,	60	,,	R. G. Mead	,,	50 ,, 23
J. D. Mullan	,,	55	,,	A. T. Norton	,,	55 ,, 20
N. R. Plomley	,,	30	.,	E. N. Welch	,,	50 ,, 33
C. S. Brice	* ,, /	50	,,	G. H. Booth	,,	50 ,, 10
Geo. Webster	,,	40		A. A. Reay	,,	50 ,, 25
W. Longworth	,,	10	,,	N. Seamonds	,,	55 ,, 15
J. I. Armstrong	,,	55	,,	I. C. Burt	,,	40 ,, 9
G. R. Bryden	,,	30	,,	W. A. McDonald	· ,,	60 ,, 24
C. S. Brice	***	50	,,	W. E. Askew	,,,	45 ,, 77

GRAND BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT, 1949

RESULTS OF SECOND ROUND

L. J. Haigh	Rec.	90	beat	A. J. Chown	Owes	20	by	66	
W. R. Dovey	,,	130	"	G. Fienberg	Scr	atch	,,	107	
E. K. White	,,	100	,,	J. W. Anderson	Rec.	125	,,	55	
J. Eaton	,,	80	,,	W. T. Kerr	,,	175	,,	48	
J. Harris	,,	100	,,	A. J. Howarth	,,,	100	,,	36	
R. H. Alderson	,,	40	,,	C. O. Chambers	,,	125	,,	25	
R. L. Ball	,,	130	,,	H. F. Kent	,	80	,,	25	
L. R. Flack	,,	90	,,	F. Vockler	Owes	25	,,	1	
J. Molloy	,,	50	,,	C. L. Parker	Rec.	120	,,	29	
J. A. Roles	,,	100	• ,,	W. Longworth	Owes	100	,,	124	
A. R. Buckle	,,	75	,,	E. N. Welch	Rec.	115	,,	38	
S. E. Chatterton	**.	100	**	J. R. Coen	Rec.	95	,,	13	
J. H. Peoples	,,	100	,,	W. P. Keighery	,,,	100	For	feit	
C. J. Manning	,,	110	,,	R. F. Rattray	,,	110	,,	20	
E. W. Abbott	**	130	,,	P. J. Schwarz	,,	80	,,	47	

HALF-BALL NOTES (Cont.)

a thinner than half-ball contact will be made, an eventuality often disastrous when playing half-ball strokes.

This mistake is all too common and is the unwitting cause of so many failures at half-ball strokes.

Let us examine why this simple mistake causes so much trouble. There is a rule known to and carefully observed by all great players that although there is a permissible margin of error in contact both slightly thinner and fuller than halfball, that margin is decidedly greater when the fuller than half-ball contact is made.

Sound advice

A contact appreciably fuller than half-ball will nearly always result in the half-ball stroke being made, whereas a contact slightly thinner than half-ball will nearly always result in the stroke being missed.

Therefore, if the whole tip is aligned outside the edge of the object-ball the actual line of aim is outside the object ball and consequently a thinner than half-ball contact is made.

This will, in all probability, be fatal, and must be avoided.

For all ordinary half-ball strokes I would advise you to align the whole of the tip just inside the object ball and in this way ensure a full half-ball contact being made. In this way you will allow yourself the greatest margin of safety in the shot played for.

It is a sound plan to cultivate this full half-ball contact when playing ordinary half-ball shots, as it will be found that the permissible margin of error is indeed large when aiming for such a contact.

It is rather difficult to say why this is so without delving into those technical details which I so much wish to avoid. Suffice it to say that for all practical purposes the adoption of this method of dealing with half-ball strokes will lead to success.

Where so many things are taxed, so is ingenuity.

It's good for a man to have something to worry about. But occasionally he should get away from her.

The Roundabout of Sport

THERE will be a great parade of class horses in the 1949-50 season, including the crack N.Z. three-year-old, Tauloch, which has been entered for the big handicap events in Sydney and Melbourne (including the Cups), and will also race at weight-for-age.

Tauloch was the best two-year-old in N.Z. last year, and is acknow-ledged to be the best of the three-year-olds. He has won £18,000 in stakes. Tauloch is by Balloch (imp.), the sire of Vagabond, which should be one of the New Zealander's chief rivals in Sydney and Melbourne.

CARBON COPY should retain his form as a four-year-old. He is being set specially for the Melbourne Cup. Comic Court, winner of the V.R.C. Derby and other good races, will be a challenger, while West Australia will be represented by Precedent, winner of the Derby, and Queensland is sending along Moneith, a classic winner and one of the best of his age seen in the Northern State for some years.

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MOST of the older horses are approaching the end of their careers, but there should be many good races left in De La Salle and Darke Marne, among several others.

An interesting speculation is whether rising three-year-olds will attain the high standard of the rising four-year-olds. If an outstand-



Geoff. Brown of Sydney missed selection in Australia's 1949 Davis Cup tennis team, but his two tours abroad, good judges aver, have improved his play beyond measure. He looks to be one of our representatives over a number of years to come.

ing three-year-old crops up in the new season—apart from the New Zealander mentioned—the going for the four-year-olds should be made exciting. In addition to Tauloch, several N.Z. handicappers have been nominated for the main events in Australia. All in all, racegoers should be in for a great season.

LATEST story told in Club: First woman: "My husband plays tennis, cricket, swims and goes in for physical exercises. Does your husband take any regular exercise?" Second woman: "Well, last week he was out seven nights running."

A WILD WEST show came to Goulburn. The Yank, disguised as a Red Indian, tied a girl to a post, and made spectacular flourishes preparatory to easting knives at her. She was the last thing in ugliness. First knife thrown landed an inch off her grinning visage; whereupon Long Bill—who had come in specially from the Gundary Plains to see the show—rose and moaned: "Blime, he missed!"

OFFICIALS of Madison Square Garden are worrying about their ice-hockey crowds. They are not concerned about numbers, but about manners. The hockey fans have taken to throwing refuse on the ice, and blowing whistles which throw the players off stride; and the other night King Clancy, the referee, was hit in the right eye by candy. Hard candy,

"It says here that he was shot by his wife at very close range."

"Then there must have been powder marks."

"Yes-that's why she shot him."

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INVENTOR OF BASKETBALL USED PEACH BASKETS FOR GOALS

RASKETBALL, which is credited with attracting more spectators than any other sport, is what might be termed one of the newer major sports, as it was in 1891 that Dr. James Naismith, then a student at the Y.M.C.A. Training School, Springfield. Mass., in experimenting with an indoor athletic activity for young men during the long winter evenings, hit upon the "basket game." It derived its name from the goals nailed at each end of the gymnasium. The original goals were peach baskets, and with the baseball idea in mind, the first teams were made up of nine men, but later reduced to the present number of five.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympic Club, San Francisco.)

WILLIE KNAPP, FORMER STAR JOCKEY, PICKS EXTERMINATOR AS HIS ALL-TIME HORSE

STRANGE, but true, Willie Knapp, who many years ago thrilled California race track fans by his brilliant work in the saddle, in discussing the subject of thoroughbred horses that deserve a niche in the hall of fame, picked Exterminator as the best equine he ever rode. It will be recalled that Knapp was astride Upset when that horse scored one of the biggest upsets in racing by defeating Man o' War in the first and only race that "Big Red" ever played second fiddle to any horse that measured strides with him on the turf.

Reasons why Knapp deems Exterminator a real big-time horse was his winning fifty races out of a hundred starts, finishing second seventimes and third teen times. Also because Exterminator could trim the opposition in sprints and distance racing up to a mile and a half, winning 252,996 dollars during his racing career, when purses weren't studded with 50,000 and 100,000 dollars added stakes. Willie thinks that "Old Bones" in his prime could have easily beaten Whirlaway, Assault and Stymie. Exterminator had a liking for the Pimlico track, where he won the Pimlico Cup Handicap four times.

Hindoo, which finished first 31 times in 36 starts, among them being

the Kentucky Derby, in 1881, was one of the idols of the racing world seven decades ago.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympic Club, San Francisco.)

DEMPSEY'S PUNCH OVERRATED BY MODERN SCRIBES

JACK DEMPSEY was touted as the greatest hitter of all time in the heavyweight division. But this was proved to be a fallacy when he met Jess Willard. He floored Jess seven times in the first round and failed to finish him. The big fellow stayed two more rounds and then quit. What would John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson or Bob Fitzsimmons have done to Willard? They would have K.O.'d him in that initial round. In the second fight at Chicago with Gene Tunney he also proved to be anything but a man-killer. Fistiana food for thought.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympic Club, San Francisco.).

NEW RUGBY FOOTBALL STYLE

IN the 1900's, when rugby football was the recognised inter-collegiate football on the Pacific Coast, visits by the New Zealand and Australian rugby teams demonstrated that their style of play was much superior to ours.

The Pacific Coast adopted their style of formation, tactics and play, and up to the present have persisted in that style.

However, the visit of the Australian team to California last season showed that they have advanced their mode in the back field, producing a faster, more effective and spectacular game than that shown on the fields of the 1900's.

This was particularly noticeable at Palo Alto and Los Angeles. Whether coaches or any of the players "caught on" to what was going on remains to be seen in the season in California which begins next month.

Whether or no, the 1949 season promises to be a hard-fought, well-matched competition; and thrills and spills galore should result. Rugby takes courage as well as power. The Olympic Club will be in there with plenty of both.

Last season's players have been weeded down to thirty men, so that only the best remain.

Active and junior members of this Club who would like to try rugby should apply to Manager of The Olympic Club, who will turn the names over to the Rugby Commissioner who, in turn, will notify them of the time for try-outs and practice.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympic Club, San Francisco.)

PREPARE for a real Soccer v. Rugby tug-o'-war, with the glittering prize, the schools football of Southern England. It does not greatly matter which game they play, so long as they learn to play it welland sportingly. But it is plain that for years Soccer has been losing caste among the public schools and the public-school minded. Reasons are obvious (an English writer comments). They are partly social. Of equal influence is the feeling that no amateur soccer side, as things are, can hope to climb near the top. No longer can Old Carthusians and Old Etonians attain a Cup final.

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Our London Letter

CHARLES WHITCOMBE celebrated his fortieth year as a golf professional with an amazing round at Crew's Hill last week.

In a four-ball match he had a score of 64—only five shots more than his record set up in 1937—and there were nine birdies (one under par) in it. Yet, if you please, he was on the losing side!

WHAT a grand gesture it would be if Whitcombe, twice Britain's Ryder Cup captain, and now one of the five selectors to choose our men to meet America at Ganton in September, were appointed non-playing captain in his last year of golf.

It would be a fitting curtain for a man who so long has adorned British golf.

I CAME across a new kind of betting last week—new to me, any-how!

Have you ever bet "without the favourite" or "without the first two"? I don't know any bookmaker who'd lay it for you on the course, but he would if you were watching a

a testing course of something like Cumberland Hound Trail.

Although the dogs have to cover ten miles with their noses keeping to the scent of the aniseed trail, usually one or perhaps two dogs in every Trail are odds-on in the betting.

As you can imagine, that doesn't attract many people, so most operators make a special "book" on the other dogs, leaving out the favourite or even the first two.

IN my varied journeyings last week I learnt that Douglas Wilson has his eye on attacking Gundar Haegg's two-mile record this season as well as on the Empire Games mile. . . .

That Alf Gover—now playing in the Birmingham League at weekends—is working pretty full time on coaching fast bowlers.

And is that a neglected art? Only three days ago I heard "Gubby" Allen publicly admit we hadn't got any. . . .

I WALKED into the Royal Mid-Surrey clubhouse the other day with a young man of 80, who had just finished two full rounds on the course, taking fewer strokes for each than his age. And—he had carried his own clubs!

It was none other than S. H. Fry, who, although he was plus four in the days of the "gutty," still enjoys his daily game.

It was at billiards though that Sidney Harold Fry set up his records.

LEARNING the game at the hands of the great John Roberts, he won the Amateur Billiards title in 1893, 1896, 1900, 1916, 1919, 1920 and 1921, and he was the first man to accomplish this seven times.

Just for full measure he won it again in 1925 and added to it several snooker championships. All the while he was a name to conjure with in the golf world. His first senior competition he won in 1895.

Yet in 1944, when 75, he won the captain's prize at Royal Mid-Surrey with a 74.

"I'm not so long as I used to be, but pretty well as straight," as his remark when I congratulated him on his game. "Yes," I added, "and you can sink your putts as well as ever." As I found to my cost, any putt up to six feet is a foregone conclusion!

THE Worcester racecourse executive are shortly staging a new race, probably over a mile, for good-class three-year-olds to be called "The Black Pears Handicap."

The connection with pears and racing seems remote until you realise that three black pears appear on the town's crest as the result of a visit by Queen Elizabeth.

Seeing the tree bearing this strange fruit she commanded that some should be brought to her to try. History records that the black pears were uneatable, which seems to me a bit of a "handicap," too!

S UPPORTERS of "open" tennis championships may gain courage from the form professionals Kramer, Riggs and Pails showed on their Wembley visit.

One thing must be stressed—and English coach Dan Maskell was quick to spot it—"We must adopt the 'lifted' drive," he told me. "These chaps are 100 per cent. more accurate than they were in Wimbledon days. Playing at high speed is the real test."

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One man I hope to see using it it Tim Lewis, now on the St. Mary's Hospital staff. Few, if any, British players should beat him this year. Already his backhand drop volleys are as good as you'll see in Europe.

He's my tip as our next Amateur World Champion, especially as he's been working hard all winter on his weak service.

JIMMY BRITT WAS CLEVER, BUT FOUND JOE GANNS TOO TOUGH

JIMMY BRITT, a "South of Market Street" lad, who later became amateur champion in the lightweight class boxing for The Olympic Club, had a tough bunch of scrappers to meet in his class after he turned "pro." Such clever boxers as Kid Lavigne, Frank Erne, Tim Haggerty, champion of Australia, Jabez White, champion of England, all were beaten by Jimmy, but he neved could get to first base with Joe Gans, the greatest of 'em in the lightweight division.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympic Club, San Francisco.)

EARLY FISTIC HISTORY

THE oft told tale of the Corbett-Choynski barge fight had a few extra highlights in one of the articles pasted in the scrap book. The ring posts were 8 in. by 8 in. and as the day was terrifically hot and the sun beamed down on the little craft anchored off Martinez, Corbett being shiftier than his hard hitting opponent used his speed and science to constantly manoeuvre Choynski into a corner near the posts so that he always was facing the sun while Jim had his back to the rays of Old Sol.

(From "The Olympian," official organ of The Olympian Club, San Francisco.)

A little seven-year-old asked: "Mother, where do babies come from?"

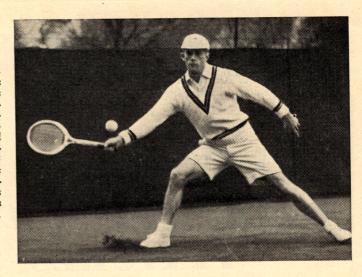
"Why, dear, you know the stork brings all the babies."

"Yes, I know mother, but how does he know what mother is pregnant?"

-George W. Koerner.



E. Fannin, South African tennis champion, has been a close associate of Australians at Wimbledon and other tournaments in recent weeks. He wants to tour the Commonwealth and is a possibility as a visitor in 1950.



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TWO PARROTS

A PARSON had a parrot which used to spend its time in constant prayer. His neighbour's parrot had a distressing habit of swearing incessantly. One day, after discussion on how to cure the swearing bird, they decided to put the two birds in a cage together and see what would happen.

The two parrots sat side by side for a while, neither bird saying a word. Finally the cursing parrot broke the silence. "What about a little bit of love?" he asked. The praying parrot unblinkingly replied: "What the devil do you think I've been praying for all these years?"

Prince Aly Khan does not fully believe that the many successes of French bred horses in England in last two or three years were due largely to scanty grain rations available in England. His view is that while food was a factor, life went on in France during the war with much less privation than in England, but the chief reason, in his view, was that racing was carried on regularly in France in 1942, '43 and '44, and French horses were in training and racing during those years, but not in England. French horses of all ages were kept absolutely fit and in race readiness.

* * *

Donald Bain is one of the highest paid performers per second in radio.

Yet he has never spoken more than a few words into the microphone. He is one of radio's top animal impersonators, and his slogan is "anything from a mosquito to an elephant." Bain's repertory consists of some 200 birds, barnyard animals, reptiles, insects, and household pets. Bain receives 35 dollars for a threeto-five second rooster crow. He once got 98 dollars for ten cat meows. He has played Joan Bennett's canary; Ogden Nash's watchdog; George Jessel's talking lion and an author's turkey gobbler. But perhaps his oddest job to date was impersonating a pair of teeth chattering from fear.

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JULY.			OCTOBER (Cont.).	
Sydney Turf Club (At Rosehill)	Sat.	23	Australian Jockey Club Sat.	8
Sydney Turf Club (At Rosehill)	Sat.	30	City Tattersall's Club Sat. (At Randwick)	15
AUGUST.			Sydney Turf Club Sat. (At Rosehill)	22
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) (At Randwick)	Mon.	1	Sydney Turf Club Sat. (At Moorefield)	29
Sydney Turf Club (At Canterbury Park)	Sat.	6	NOVEMBER.	
Sydney Turf Club (At Canterbury Park)	Sat.	13	Sydney Turf Club Sat. (At Canterbury Park)	5
Hawkesbury Racing Club (At Rosehill)	Sat.	20	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. (At Randwick)	12
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) (At Randwick)	Sat.	27	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. (At Randwick)	19
SEPTEMBER.			Sydney Turf Club Sat. (At Canterbury Park)	26
Sydney Turf Club (At Canterbury Park)	Sat.	3	DECEMBER.	
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	10	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat.	3
Sydney Turf Club (At Rosehill)	Sat.	17	Sydney Turf Club Sat. (At Rosehill)	10
Sydney Turf Club (At Rosehill)	Sat.	24	Sydney Turf Club Sat.	17
OCTOBER.			Australian Jockey Club Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club	Sat	1	Australian Jockey Club Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club		3	Australian Jockey Club Tues.	27
Australian Jockey Club		5	Tattersall's Club Sat. (At Randwick)	31

FIREWORKS

(Continued from Page 13)

The Club's extensive reference library contains the record of Fireworks and of all other gallopers officially tabulated in Australia. The blue book ("Australasian Turf Register") discloses that on Friday, November 1, 1867, the Derby Stakes of 25 sovereigns, 10 forfeit, with 100 sovereigns added, 1½ miles, was won by Fireworks from Palladium and Touchstone. Seven ran and time was 2.56. Fireworks started at 2 to 1 on.

A few weeks later, New Year's Day, 1868, the Victorian Derby of 25 sovereigns, 5 forfeit, with 500 sovereigns added, 1½ miles, was also won by Fireworks with Little Fish second and Token third. There were eight starters. Betting, evens Fireworks, 5 to 4 Little Fish. The report stated that Fireworks won hardheld and ran the distance in 2.53.

This interesting dual and surprising record has been discussed right down the ages, especially when past Derby performances are basis of talks between club members, many of them veterans who have seen many a thrilling Derby contest.

ACCORDING TO SHAW

I HAVE always refused titles, not only because they get you into disreputable company, but because they change your name after you have made it celebrated.

All my life I have been perfectly respectable; but I have always been against the police and the authorities, because the police and the authorities are there to maintain the law and my whole life's business has been to change the law.

I am always careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the '100 per cent. American as 90 per cent. idiot. And they just adore me.

I have never thought much of the courage of a lion tamer. Inside the cage he is, at least, safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility; in short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat.

IIIIV

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